

## CHARIVARIA.

WHILE we have never doubted President ROOSEVELT's pluck, we must confess that we never guessed he would dare one day to tell Americans that the Britisher is not yet played out.

Statistics published in the *Journal Officiel* at last show a rising Birth Rate in France. This is all the more gratifying, coming, as it does, at a moment when she is restoring the guillotine.

The number of births for the period covered by the statistics exceeded, we are told, that of deaths by 11,000, and it is rumoured that a grateful Government intends to give each of these extra infants a box of sweets and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

A bear which had escaped from a circus created some excitement in Paris last week. For a time, we understand, he passed himself off as a motorist, but he was ultimately recognised and captured.

Miss VIOLET CHARLESWORTH succeeded by a ruse in eluding a number of England's smartest journalists who were waiting for her in a Glasgow hotel. But our Press, to its credit, will not allow itself to be slighted with impunity. The next day the following head-lines appeared in one of our most widely circulated halfpenny dailies:—

THE CHARLESWORTH FARCE.

WOMAN'S ESCAPEE THAT HAS BECOME A BORE.

This is the Sale Season, when the most astonishing bargains may be picked up. For instance, we learn from the Sanjak of Novi Bazar that two large Turkish provinces have just been given away to an Austrian customer for two and a-half million pounds Turkish.

It really does seem criminal, and somebody ought to hang for it. No sooner have we got a nice new Army Aeroplane as the result of infinite thought and labour than some foolish person tries to make it fly, and of course it gets smashed.

The Army Council has allotted the sum of thirty pounds for instruction in gardening to the soldiers of the Middlesex Regiment at Mill Hill. The Peace Society, we hear, is delighted, taking this to be the first step towards turning swords into pruning-hooks.

Meanwhile, we believe that it is not impossible that in our next war instructions will be issued to our men when they throw up trenches to make them more sightly by planting, say, a pretty bordering of lilies of the valley.

Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN has presented to the British Museum a collection of 2,500 prehistoric weapons. We believe that this is the largest collection outside the one in use in our Territorial Army.

to blame if he cherishes illusions as to the acceptance of his MS.

A representative of *The Daily Express* has been making experiments as to the effect of a gramophone upon the animals at the Zoo. He let off CARUSO on the mandrill. "The mandrill," we are told, "gazed fixedly for a few seconds, languidly shook his head from side to side, and then, picking up an apple, retired to his pole and started munching." The effect of CARUSO in the flesh is slightly different. With our gallery gods it takes the form of oranges.

An interesting wedding is to take place shortly in New York under the auspices of the Women's National Progressive Suffrage Union, when a militant

Suffragette is to be married, the knot being tied by a lady clergyman, assisted by lady ushers. The bridegroom will be present by special permission.

The German Government has received an official apology from the Liberian Government for the insult offered to a German packet-boat by the local Navy, *The Lark*. In spite of this we understand that Germany intends to press on the increase in her Navy.

Prince BLOW'S

speech in favour of his Royal Master has caused quite a revulsion of feeling in Berlin, and it is, we hear, not impossible that the Committee appointed by the Reichstag to consider the question of regulating the KAISER'S authority will allow his Majesty one telegram and one interview per year.

The dumping of foreign hops continues. Mr. GEORGIE MAHRER has introduced a new Viennese dance into *The Merry Widow*.

The question whether there is a future life for animals is again being debated. If it be decided in the affirmative, cats will then have the enormous allowance of ten lives.

## Commercial Candour.

On a Birmingham window:—  
"—'s Genuine Sale. The first for 10 years."



## THE BARMAID QUESTION.

SIDE LIGHTS ON FROST VIEWS.

"Account must be taken," says the Official Report on Afforestation, "of the increasing consumption of timber per head of population." We had feared for some time past that the number of wooden heads was on the increase.

The Strenuous Life again! A footballer, while engaged in a game last week, became the father of triplets.

"C. B." having complained in the previous issue of *The Author* that MSS. are often returned in a dirty condition, an Editor writes as follows in the current number:—"I should like to inform 'C. B.' that I never allow MSS. to be marked in my office. If he likes to send me something, I can assure him that he will get it back almost as good as new." The italics are ours. After this fair warning, "C. B." will only have himself

## SIC NOS NON NOBIS.

[To an old friend, these reflections of middle-age on the making of forests for the benefit of posterity.]

An! how often you and I, my Gerald,  
Taking count of Time's appalling pace,  
Watching those insidious signs that herald  
Chronic apathy of form and face;  
Noting how our legs are not so lissome  
Nor our waists so waspish as of old,  
And the joys of youth how much we miss 'em,  
Vanished like the Age of Gold;—

When, amid a younger race that hustles  
We are hampered by rheumatic pains,  
Or remark a looseness in our muscles  
And a touch of torpor in our brains;—  
We have sucked a coward's consolation  
From the thought that, when the final blow  
Falls, as threatened, on the British nation,  
We shall not be there to know.

"If," we say, "for but a few more lustres  
She can still contrive to rule the wave,  
Still to 'worry through' against the thrusters  
Who design for her a watery grave,  
We shall see no Teuton missiles raining  
On our disillusioned flank and rear,  
While the Territorials go in training  
Just too late by half a year."

Other little things at present dim in  
Shadows where the Future plies its loom—  
Government by Socialists and Women,  
With the Second Chamber blown to Doom—  
When we contemplate these fearsome bogies  
Hovering in the distance, "Ha!" we say,  
"Not in *our* time; not for us old fogies;  
We shall then have had our day."

Yet a boon there is I fain would borrow  
From the far years where it lies in store:  
When the saplings which we plant to-morrow  
Spread their shade about the forest floor,  
When, with lattice-work of leaves above her,  
And the song of birds in woodland air,  
Every lass goes Maying with her lover,  
I could wish we might be there.

But, when back again from out waste places  
Merrie England plucks her childhood's hours,  
Not for us will they, the linked Graces,  
Lead their pageantry in Summer bowers;  
Not for us the flame of Autumn's dying,  
Nor the loveliness of Spring's new birth;  
You and I, my friend, will then be lying  
Very quiet under earth.

O. S.

"Vernet les Bains, a charming spring resort in Pyrenees; sunny, dry climate; private parks; fishing, tennis, music, excursions; rheumatism, gout, sciatica, eczema, complexion, bronchitis."—*Add. in "The Standard."*

*New Arrival.* What's the gout like here?

*Habitué.* Can't say; haven't tried it. But the sciatica's top-hole.

"There was one son of the marriage—a little boy."—*Daily News.*

*Doctor.* I am happy to inform you that you have a son.

*Father (excitedly).* Boy or girl?

*Doctor.* Boy.

*Father.* Big or little?

*Doctor.* Quite little. [*Father faints and is carried out.*]

## NOTES ON THE ANTI-MOTOR SHOW OF 1909.

THE promoters of the Anti-Motor Exhibition are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts. They have brought together the finest collection of anti-motor devices and appliances which has yet been seen under one roof, and the popularity of the show is assured.

The more important of the exhibits, of course, are those of a protective nature, and here we would specially commend the "Spiky Turtleback," an ingenious contrivance which enables the pedestrian to walk along country roads in serene indifference. Briefly, the arrangement in question resembles a huge steel dish-cover, studded on the outside with twelve-inch spikes. It is attached to the wearer's back by means of springs and straps, and affords perfect protection against the heaviest and fastest of cars. Armed with one of these outfits, the pedestrian, when taken unawares, simply flings himself down on the road, and retires, literally speaking, within his shell, cheered by the pleasing reflection that if anyone is hurt it will be somebody else.

Another admirable invention, specially designed for exceptionally virulent anti-motorists, is the "Vesuvian Jacket." Made of gun-cotton, with detonators as buttons, this useful garment will effectually dispose of the car which happens to run over its wearer. Incidentally, it would, of course, dispose of the wearer as well, but, as the old adage has it, it is impossible to make omelettes without breaking eggs. Besides, the "Jacket" is really intended more as a safeguard than as a blower-up of inconsiderate triflers. Its colour scheme, red and yellow stripes, serves as a danger signal, and it is fairly safe to assume that even the most vicious road-hog with such a warning before his eyes would risk ripping his tyres off rather than run into it.

For nervous anti-motorists, who prefer to be passive rather than active resisters, we can highly recommend the "Aerial" outfit shown by the Pedestrians' Protection Society. This useful arrangement consists of a small balloon which is attached to the pedestrian's shoulder by means of light steel chains and a pair of heavy leaden weights. Upon the approach of a too strenuous car the act of touching a spring releases the weights. They fall to the ground, and up goes their proprietor, to descend again when the danger is past. The apparatus is made in four sizes: "Chestertons," "Heavy-weights," "Light-weights," and "Barries."

At the stall of the Anti-Motorists' Supply Association, Ltd., there is displayed a most useful and up-to-date "Pedestrian's Repair Outfit." It comprises one wooden leg, one artificial arm, ten yards of sticking-plaster, one quart bottle of arnica, and a stretcher. No pedestrian should venture abroad nowadays without having at least one of these outfits about him.

Whilst glancing over the exhibits at the Association's stall, by the way, we noticed a new and revised edition of that invaluable work, *The Anti-Motorist's Book of Phrases*. Compiled with the assistance of a Naval officer, a retired Anglo-Indian colonel, and a Suffragette, this handy little volume gives, in parallel columns, a list of expressions suitable for anti-motorists under all possible conditions. Every purchaser of a copy is presented with a small megaphone, in order that he, or she, may be able to make his, or her, remarks heard by the occupants of the car which has rendered them necessary.

In our next article—

[There will be no next article.—Ed.]

## "TRESPASS ON A WELSH RABBIT FARM."

*The Estates Gazette.*

We can picture the intruder stalking his unsuspecting prey with a piece of toast in one hand and a pepper pot in the other.



### A CHOICE OF PLANKS.

[The chief plank in the Unionist programme is Tariff Reform.—See *Daily Press*, *passim*.]

THE CONFEDERATE KING (to LORD ROBERT CECIL). "TAKE THE OATH, OR OVER YOU GO!"







Mother (to children, who have come to be inspected before going to a party). "WELL, DARLINGS, YOU LOOK VERY NICE; BUT OH, BABY DEAR, I THINK YOUR HAIR IS RATHER OVERDONE."

Elder Sister. "OH, MOTHER, DO YOU THINK SO? ALL THE BEST BABIES ARE WEARING IT LIKE THAT THIS YEAR."

#### SIDELIGHTS ON THE "SHOVER."

MR. PHILIP GIBBS, writing in *The Daily Chronicle* of the 21st inst., devotes an exhaustive article to the portraiture of the "Shover" as a new type of humanity and romance. He is "a very god, or devil, of noise;" at once hero and valet; and enjoying peculiar facilities for eaves-dropping. "The owner of a thousand guinea car is at the mercy of the man to whom he pays thirty shillings a week, for knowledge is still power, and the chauffeur not only knows everything about the inside of his master's machine, but sometimes a good deal about the inside of his master's life." If Mr. PHILIP GIBBS's mordant characterisation of this new type of humanity be correct, the "shover" is a reserved, rather silent, sinister man with a hard mouth, keen, restless eyes and a sallow complexion. We have been at pains to verify this view by consulting a number of representative men and women, and are now able to lay before our readers the results of our investigations.

Miss ELSIE CRAVEN, interviewed at His Majesty's Theatre, was most indignant with Mr. GIBBS for his unsympathetic

portrait. "My 'shover,'" she said, "has a lovely complexion. I call him 'Mr. Pinkie.' I hold him, in fact, in the deepest affection, he is so deft and 'dinky.'"

The POET LAUREATE expressed the view that Mr. GIBBS's portrait was untrue. His 'shover' was the kindest of men, and in three years had never killed a hen. His eyes were gentle and his hair was sleek, the ruddy glow of health adorned his cheek. In short he stigmatised as full of fibs the article of Mr. PHILIP GIBBS.

Mr. GIBBS's assertion that the "shover," although a servant, "treats all the other servants with haughty insolence" is deeply resented in many of the most *recherchés* servants'-halls. Thus Miss CAROLINE DELORME, head lady's-maid to the Countess of N—, remarks: "Ensnconed behind his glassy cover, as dapper as a golden plover, our 'shover' is a perfect lover."

Mr. BERNARD SHAW takes acute exception to Mr. GIBBS's invidious comparisons between cabmen and chauffeurs. The former, according to Mr. GIBBS, speak "the kindly language of the stable, Elizabethan, even Chaucerian, in its

candour and realism and picturesque imagery," while the "shover," when among his fellows, uses a strange technical jargon which cannot be understood by the multitude. Says Mr. SHAW: "A man who talks Elizabethan is little better than a heathen, and even clumsier and coarser is he who frames his speech on CHAUCER. Chauffeurs are made of finer clay (see 'Every Straker' in my play, who was, you will recall, *au fait* with writers such as BEAUMARCHAIS), and only minds effete and flabby deplore the passing of the cabby."

Lastly, Sir OLIVER LODGE expresses his views on the subject in the following interesting psychological conundrum:—"If the 'shover,' according to GIBBS, though earning inadequate 'dibs,' is a hero and valet combined, the problem that puzzles my mind is whether, when facing a cold down to zero, the valet half thinks the other a hero?"

#### "Isheobtraitle in Japan."

Daily Dispatch Headline.

Further details of this well-known Celtic chieftain's tour will be awaited with interest.

## THE PANTOMICIMIC TOUCH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Having lately returned from a round of provincial and suburban theatres, I feel it is my duty as your deputy-sub-assistant dramatic critic to tell you what I saw there. [Do.—EDITOR.] It is at best only a bird's-eye view of the proceedings that I can put before you, but it is the view of a bird which has just seen six different pantomimes in a week, and has retained in its mind only a confused impression of those episodes which were common to all of them. I shall call the piece *Aladdin*; the title is really of no account, but it is useful for purposes of reference, copyright, libel, etc.

## ALADDIN.

## ACT I., SCENE 4.

Enter a *Low Comedian*, dressed as a man. He is followed by a *Still Lower Comedian* dressed as a woman. The—

[EDITOR. *One moment. I thought they always began these things with Scene 1?*

CRITIC. *I don't think so. Anyhow they are always at Scene 4 when I arrive. Of course I have a hasty dinner first, you know.*

EDITOR. *Ah, I've done it that way myself.]*

S. L. C. walks across the stage in what he calls his "disables" (loud laughter), and then turns his back to the audience to show that he has some garment on the wrong way round. He retires amidst frantic applause.

L. C. (confidentially to the audience). Do you know my friend Brarn? What, not know Brarn? Ah, I should like you to know Brarn—'e's a good chap, Brarn. I must tell you a funny story about 'im. You will laugh. (Chokes with laughter himself.) Well, Brarn—tee-hee-hee-hee—Brarn (recovering himself with an effort) was 'aving breakfast with a lord—just 'aving a bit of breakfast, you know, same as you or me; and this lord—tee-hee-hee-hee-hee, Brarn and a lord!—well, he said to Brarn, "I trust that—haw—egg—haw—is a good one—haw—Mr. Brown;" and Brarn, very nervous, you know, looked up and said, "P-parts, my lord, are excellent." (Shrieks of laughter.)

[EDITOR. *That story is old.*

CRITIC. *I fancy it must be.]*

Aladdin, the principal boy, comes on, amid friendly cheers from an audience which is always glad to see a real lady again.

Aladdin. And now to find the lamp, and then to marry my own dear Madge! Ah, I wonder if she still loves me!

Song—"Madge."

[EDITOR. *Did Aladdin marry a Madge? I had forgotten.*

CRITIC. *He called her Madge.]*

Madge, Madge,  
I've come to cadge, cadge,  
I want your heart, I do.

Say, say,

You love me, May, May—

[Short for Madge.—EDITOR.]

Oh, say that your heart is true.]

At the fifth encore, which consists of three claps from an enthusiast in a box, who has mislaid the chocolates he meant to give her, she returns with the fireman's little child, who sings the chorus, very flat. Deafening cheers, and a sort of feeling that she is a good girl after all. Pit and Pat, the two ambassadors, come on. Pit, without obviously having been insulted, knocks Pat down.

Pat (getting up). You do that again and you'll repeat it. (Correcting himself.) Repent it.

Pit. Oh, I'll repent it, will I?

Pat. Yes, you'll repent it.

Pit. Oh, I will?

Pat. Yes, you will.

They sit down and play the mandolin together very cheerfully.

## SCENE 5.

[EDITOR. *You're not going to give us all the scenes?*

CRITIC. *This is a very short one, just to keep the audience excited while the scene-shifters are busy.]*

Enter the *Spirit of Evil*. He announces in a very loud singing voice that his wicked plots are going well. He is followed by the *Good Fairy*, who says that, on the contrary . . .

## SCENE 6.

Madge. Ah, I wonder if Aladdin will be true to me, or if he will leave me as Antonio left his little girl!

Song—"Antonio."

[EDITOR. *Good, I can hum this.*

CRITIC. *I've heard it twenty-four times. So can I.]*

The *Still Lower Comedian* comes in with the Cat.

The Cat. Meow.

S. L. C. No, you can't go out to-night. You went out last Thursday. Yes, and came in with the milk, too. And you the father of a family.

[EDITOR. *Is there a cat in "Aladdin"?*

CRITIC. *Don't be silly; how could they get that joke in if there wasn't?*

All the artistes come on to the stage. When the manager gives the signal that everybody is on, the curtain comes down.

## ACT II.—SCENE 2.

[EDITOR. *Hallo!*

CRITIC. *Sorry, I simply had to have a cigarette.]*

Madge. Ah, I wonder if Aladdin will be true to me, or if he will leave me as Antonio left his little girl!

[EDITOR. *You ass; we've had this.*

CRITIC. *I'm sorry. A slight mistake.]*

Madge. Ah, I wonder if Aladdin will be true to me, or if he will leave me as Antonio left Sue.

Song—"Sue."

Pit and Pat come on. Pit, an ambassador of uncertain temper, knocks Pat down.

Pat. Don't you touch me.

Pit. I shall touch you if I want to.

Pat. Yes, but I don't want you to.

Pit. Oh, you don't?

Pat. No, I don't.

Pit. You don't.

They sit down and juggle with extraordinary dexterity. The *Low Comedian* follows them.

L. C. Oh, such a funny thing has happened. You will laugh when I tell you. Tee-hee-hee-hee. You know our old man; well—tee-hee-hee-hee—he—it was so funny—

[EDITOR. *NO. I am quite firm about this. NO.*

CRITIC. *Perhaps you're right.]*

## SCENE 3.

Aladdin. And now to find the lamp and then to marry my own dear Madge. Ah, what a dear, sweet Yorkshire (Lancashire, Leamington, Notting Hill, etc., according to circumstances) lass she is! Song—"A Yorkshire (Lancashire, Leamington, etc.) Lass."

## SCENE 4.

S. L. C. . . . Bless you, I know all about that; I've been married six times. (Loud laughter.) Six times, I 'ave. First there was William. Ah, 'e was a corker, 'e was. A fair gazeekaslosher. 'E used to come 'ome . . . etc., etc.

## SCENE 5.

[EDITOR. *Let's leave this out.*

CRITIC. *They always did when I was there.]*

## SCENE 6—GRAND FINALE.

The band plays for five minutes while the members of the chorus find their places. Then the chief characters enter in pairs, and are greeted with varying degrees of applause, two policemen, whom nobody has seen before, being particularly popular. Finally the *Good Fairy* addresses them all in heroic couplets.

[EDITOR. *Does an heroic couplet really end the business?*

CRITIC. *Yes.*

EDITOR. *Then you might try your hand at one just to make sure.]*

Friends, may I say what pleasure I have had in

Presenting here this story of Aladdin?

A. A. M.



SOME WHEEL POSES.



## THE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

He did not grudge the pretty penny stamp  
Upon the note whereby he guaranteed  
To go and dance with Them of Leamington;  
He did not rue the very vast expense  
Of cabs and fares and cabs and tips and cabs;  
He did not shun the labour and the shame  
Of vain endeavour and absurd result  
That dancing meant to him, who much preferred  
His bed to all the ballrooms in the world;  
All these he counted worth the bearing for  
The bright and witty talk between the turns.

From May he learnt that she had met his sister  
And thought she was a very charming girl  
And liked the man to whom she was engaged:  
That she had also met his other sister  
And thought she was a very charming girl  
And liked the man to whom she was engaged:  
Had even met his brothers once or twice  
And thought that they were very charming men  
And liked the girls who were engaged to them.  
Had there been time she was prepared to like  
(He saw it coming) even his heart's choice  
But for the fact that it was not yet made.

Grace, hearing that he came from London, thought  
That London was a most delightful place,  
And spoke at length from inner knowledge of  
The Larger London, which, it seemed, consists  
Of Euston (Station and Hotel), The Park,  
And Daly's and a taxicab or two.

Kate loved "The Merry Widow," hated hockey:  
Jane loathed "The Merry Widow," loved her hockey:  
Joyce cared for neither; Amy liked them both.  
(To think that but for this eventful night  
He might have lived his unenlightened life  
In gross mistake or darkest ignorance  
Of all that does most nearly touch the soul!)

Gladys had been to Brussels (he had not);  
She had not been to Amsterdam (he had);  
But neither of them ever went to Rome,  
Yet both knew Liverpool extremely well.  
She knew the Shaws and he the Robinsons,  
Who both most oddly lived at Liverpool.

Connie had been to seven dances, Nell  
To nine, and Violet to seventeen  
(Of which six, being for infants, did not count).

At supper Phyllis said, and only said,  
But said it very often:—"Thank you, no."

And Doris, last and best, agreed with him  
That gas was nicer than electric light,  
That candles gave a nicer light than gas,  
That home, sweet home was wholly lit by gas,  
A nicer light than was electric light,  
But, on the other hand, less nice than candles,  
That it was time they had another dance,  
That candle-light was not as nice as gas,  
Nor gas as nice . . . Ah! there's the band again.

Thus on the morrow he returned to Town  
With mind refreshed by interesting facts  
And subtle jests and wonderful ideas.

## IN THE CONFEDERATE CHAMBER.

"But are you quite sure—"

I was going to ask if it was quite safe for me to proceed  
any further on my desperate mission, but my companion  
interrupted me.

"Hush," he whispered, "don't talk so loud or you might  
be discovered. Of course the mask and the black cloak  
make you look just like one of us, and I know you agree  
with us heart and soul—everybody does—but it's best not  
to raise your voice. They're all the kindest creatures in  
the world unless you contradict them or argue with them,  
and then they carry on like mad things. Even — (he  
mentioned the name of a great statesman from Worcestershire)  
"is a regular LEO when he's roused. Ha, ha! You see it,  
don't you? So please be very careful about arguing in here.  
Besides it wouldn't be any good. They lured poor CHIOZZA  
MONEY in here yesterday; told him it was to be a fair and  
square debate, and he was to be allowed to talk for an hour.  
Of course he never had a chance. They gagged him and  
bound him and sat him in that chair and read Tariff Reform  
pamphlets to him for a couple of hours. Plucky little chap,  
you know, is CHIOZZA; but, Lord bless you, it wasn't a bit  
of good. He might just as well have taken it quietly. Any-  
how, he won't want to come back. No, he didn't faint—  
just had a couple of apoplectic fits, and then they let him go."

At this moment I heard a series of blood-curdling yells  
from a dim corner of the chamber. "Good heavens!" I  
said under my breath. "What's that?" "Oh," said my  
friend, "that's one of the worst cases we've ever had to  
deal with. He comes from Norwood—name of BOWLES.  
They're giving him the torture of the sixth question, feeding  
him on Australian wool soaked in Australian Burgundy to  
try and make him say 'Preference,' but he's an obstinate  
beggar. They'll have to get the Retaliation wedges into his  
legs if they mean to shake him. Listen."

A solemn voice was now heard in a sort of chant:—  
"Prisoner," it intoned, "the Confederacy is strong, but it  
is generous. If you will now say 'Pref.,' only one syllable,  
we shall be satisfied."

"Never," said a voice in the feeble but dauntless tones in  
which I had some difficulty in recognizing the accents which  
have so often delighted the House of Commons. "Never.  
You may proceed with your work."

"Torturer," sang the solemn voice, "give him a pound  
of wool and—yes, that will be the quickest way—strap him  
to a Norwegian window-frame and put a pipe of British  
tobacco in his mouth."

There was a slight struggle, but the terrible masked  
figures soon prevailed, and my poor friend had to go through  
the dreadful ordeal. His cheerfulness was seemingly un-  
impaired by his sufferings, and he cast many a proud Free  
Trade glance at his relentless persecutors. "It's a pity,"  
said my guide, "a great pity. He'll have to toe the line in  
the end, you know. They've all had to. Look at BALFOUR.  
He stood out quite a long time, but when we put the  
Birmingham screw on him he caved in. He's often with us  
now. By the way he's to preside over his cousin's examina-  
tion to-morrow. Cousin ROBERT's not an easy man—far from  
it—but we've got everything ready for him, racks, wedges,  
red-hot pokers, shirt of English-made tin-tacks, and broken  
glass for his feet. My dear chap, it'll be a regular beno.  
I've got a spare ticket for the show. Won't you come?"

But I had seen enough, and with a few hasty words of  
thanks to my amiable conductor I hurried from the chamber.

"Holland has nine miles of canal for every 100 square yards of  
surface."—From "Things You should Know," *Glasgow Evening News*.  
Many a happy home has been wrecked through ignorance  
of this small point,

"Children can hear high notes to which even keen-eyed elders in  
the prime of life are dumb."—*Daily Mail*.



## THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

[After describing a paper read before the Eugenics Education Society, presenting statistics of the marriages of first cousins, *The Journal of Education* says: "Teachers should bear in mind that the abnormal stupidity of Smith *minor* may be due to Smith *père's* ignorance of Eugenics."]

O DREADFUL Doctor, cease to frown  
And fling your cane away!  
Turn, turn your ruffled shirt-sleeves  
down!

Bitch not the brat to-day!  
Ah, strike not while your blood is hot,  
But pause, I do beseech you,  
And, while you may, consider what  
Eugenics have to teach you.

A puny boy that scarce can stand,  
His knees are trembling so,  
Watches the weapon in your hand  
In terror-stricken woe.  
Ah, Doctor, pause while there is time  
And let the babe be pitied!  
What is the unpardonable crime  
Smith *minor* has committed?

He is, no doubt, a dreadful dunce—  
But what could you expect?  
Kind Doctor, spare the rod for once,  
And, if you please, reflect.  
He scarce deserves so grim a fate  
For being stupid. Rather  
Your vengeful rod should castigate  
Smith *minor's* guilty father.

Right well do you deserve the tawse,  
For black your crime, Smith *père*!  
You flouted all eugenic laws  
In marrying Smith *mère*.  
Eugenic maids around you grew;  
You might have had a dozen,  
And yet you needs must go and woo,  
O fool, a full first cousin.

But let us not be hard. Perchance,  
Smith *père*, upon the whole  
Your crime was rather ignorance  
Than villainy of soul.  
In your young days no forms were file!  
By learned statisticians  
To show the world what sort of child  
Results from what conditions.

But those dark times are swept aside.  
Smith *minor*, when he warms  
With Love's young dream, will be supplied

With blank eugenic forms;  
And when he comes to take his place  
At dinners and at dances,  
He'll hand a form with courtly grace  
To any girl he fancies.

And when the forms have all been  
checked,  
And each assigned due weight,  
Smith *minor* will with care select  
The most eugenic mate.  
Then, Doctor, spare, as kindness bids!  
If little Smith is stupid,  
He may beget eugenic kids  
Without regard to Cupid.



## OUR SPOILT BARBARIANS.

Lady Dorothy. "I WONDER IF YOU'D BE GOOD-NATURED ENOUGH TO COME DOWN TO US FOR THE WEEK-END ON FRIDAY. WE SHALL BE SHOOTING THE COVERTS."

Young Blood. "AH, YES. I KNOW 'EM. COCKS ONLY, I PRESUME? WELL, TO BE QUITE FRANK WITH YOU, LADY DOROTHY, IT AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH."

Lady Dorothy. "THEN PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND COMING LATER ON FOR A FEW DAYS' HUNTING?"

Young Blood. "SORRY. NEVER HUNT OUT OF LEICESTERSHIRE."

Lady Dorothy. "WELL, THANK YOU FOR LISTENING TO ME, ANYHOW; IT'S AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU."

## HORSE-POWER.

[The horse which recently kicked down many yards of the parapet of the bridge at Maidenhead is said to have caused much local criticism of the whole structure. It is hoped that the following lines may attract the attention of the critics.]

If a bridge is wrecked, shall the architect  
Never escape the blame?

If a few yards fall, must the masons all  
Share in a common shame?

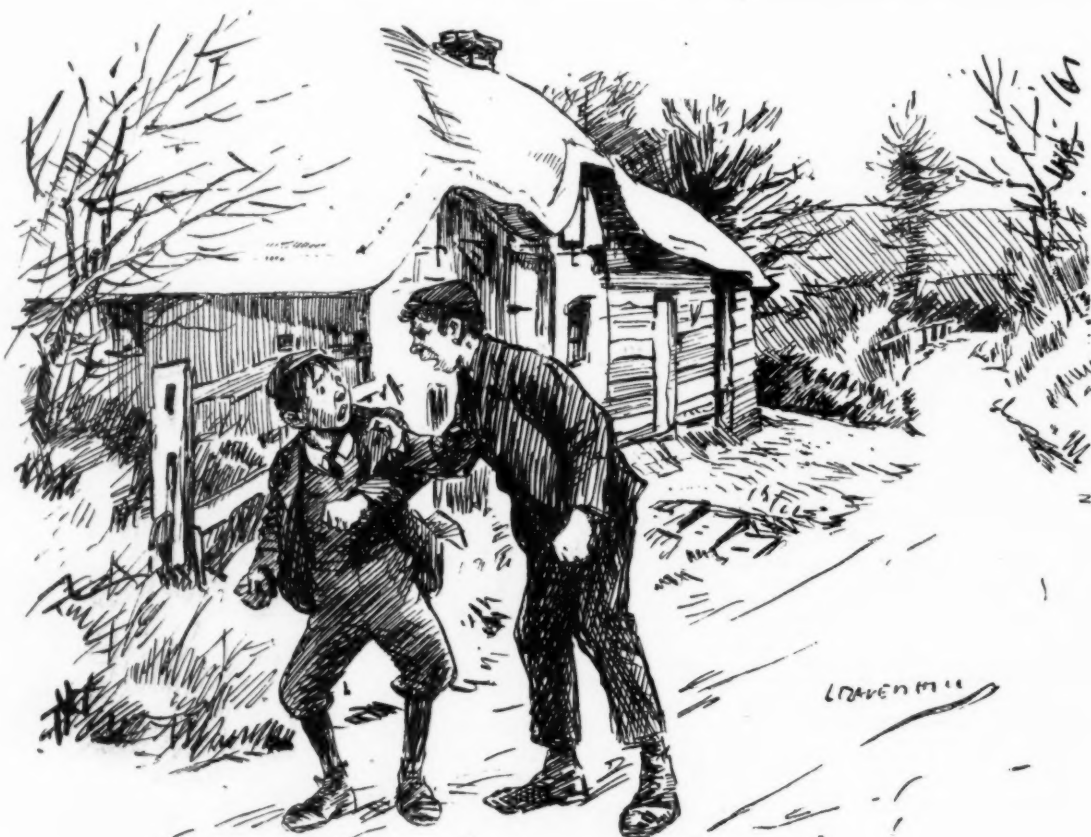
Perish the thought! They built as they  
ought,

They built for the stress they knew;  
It was well designed against flood and  
wind,

Or the punt with a Cockney crew.

But the kick of a horse—O mystic  
force!—

What shall withstand the shock?  
Only a bridge with a parapet ridge  
Specially planned *ad hoc*.



## SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

"WAS IT YOU AS CHUCKED THAT THERE STONE AT ME LAST NIGHT? TELL THE TRUTH NOW, AN' IF YER SAY IT WASN'T I'LL 'IT YER 'ARD!"

## THE WHITE PHEASANT.

It is wild, it is wet, it is windy,  
The daylight 's beginning to fail,  
And through the bare branches are booming  
The gusts of a gathering gale,  
And over the tree tops in majesty sailing  
He comes—the White Pheasant—the wind in his tail!

'Twas in June the first time that I saw him,  
A ball of the creamiest down,  
When the coops in the park were surrounded  
With dozens of babies in brown,  
On the slope by the keeper's that faced to the sunshine,  
Ere yet came the Autumn with blood on her gown.

On the morning they shot the home coverts,  
It was then that I saw him again,  
When he soared in the pride of his plumage  
Where the guns were lined out in the lane,  
Aloft in the blue, showing bright as a snowflake  
Unscathed by the pellets that pelted in vain!

He passed on the wings of the morning,  
O'er barrels uplifted to slay;  
But I met him again in the turnips,  
For he rose at my boot the same day;

He found me unloaded—I'd blazed at a rabbit—  
And went, unsaluted, his vagabond way.

And now, the last chance of the Season,  
He swings o'er the firs straight and tall,  
While swiftly the dusk of the evening  
Spreads out on the woods like a pall,  
And I wait in the wind for this final appearance  
'Ere the curtain (a fire-proof!) descends over all.

Bang! Bang! in the boisterous gloaming  
The powder blows back in my eye,  
And he's gone on the track of the sunset,  
Flying strongly and ever more high;  
Well, if in the meantime a fox doesn't get him,  
Good-bye till we meet in November—good-bye!

## The Limit.

A Southport tailor, having had some of his goods damaged by a water burst, advertises a Salvage Sale with these words:—

"ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE.—Here we have a similar case, only on a smaller scale, for which there is no remedy only practical and sympathetic help. Mr.—, under the circumstances, feels sure the public will, as hitherto, show their sympathy by their orders."



### AFFORESTATION'S ARTFUL AID.

WOOD NYMPHS. "THANK YOU SO MUCH. THIS'LL MAKE A BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR US IN YEARS TO COME."

EX-UNEMPLOYED. "THAT MAY BE, MISS. BUT WHAT I LIKE ABOUT IT IS, IT'S MAKING A JOB FOR ME TO-DAY."







THE TARIFF REFORM SKATING-RINK.

## MINISTERS AS SCHOOLBOYS.

THE remarkable reminiscences contributed to *The Daily Mail* by a school-fellow of Mr. HALDANE, describing the WAR MINISTER as a boy of a substantial figure and wearing knickerbockers with red stockings, have brought us a number of supplementary recollections of Mr. HALDANE'S colleagues. From these we select the following as perhaps most vividly palpitant with momentous actuality.

## MR. ASQUITH AND THE CABBAGE LEAF.

SIR,—Though nearly forty-four years have elapsed since "we two . . . paddled in the burn" together, or, perhaps, I should say, "thegither," I still preserve a distinct recollection of the PRIME MINISTER at school. Even then he had a robust figure, and generally wore check trousers and side-spring boots.

Few people nowadays associate Mr. ASQUITH with cricket, but as a matter of fact he was a very useful "curly" lob bowler, while the imperturbable serenity

of his countenance had a disconcerting effect on those who bowled at him. I remember that when he played cricket he always wore boots in preference to shoes, and sported a blue belt which set off his figure admirably. He was, I may add, the first boy in the second eleven at the City of London School who ever wore a cabbage leaf in his cap to guard against sunstroke. When this was brought to the notice of Dr. ARBOTT, he at once observed "Mark my word, that boy's brains are worth protecting, and he knows it." EZRA JOPE.

Great Gable, Tulse Hill.

## MR. BIRRELL'S PETS.

SIR,—It was my good fortune to spend a year in the middle sixties at the same school with Mr. BIRRELL, whose taste in dress remains vividly impressed on my memory. Sturdy and thick-set in figure he affected the peg-top trousers then in vogue, and on Sundays generally wore a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, a maroon plush waistcoat and a beaver hat, the *tout ensemble* being stylish in the extreme.

Admirers of Mr. BIRRELL will not easily associate him with sport, but in those days he was a crack shot with a saloon pistol and kept several guinea-pigs as well as silk-worms, the latter doubtless foreshadowing his distinction at the Bar.

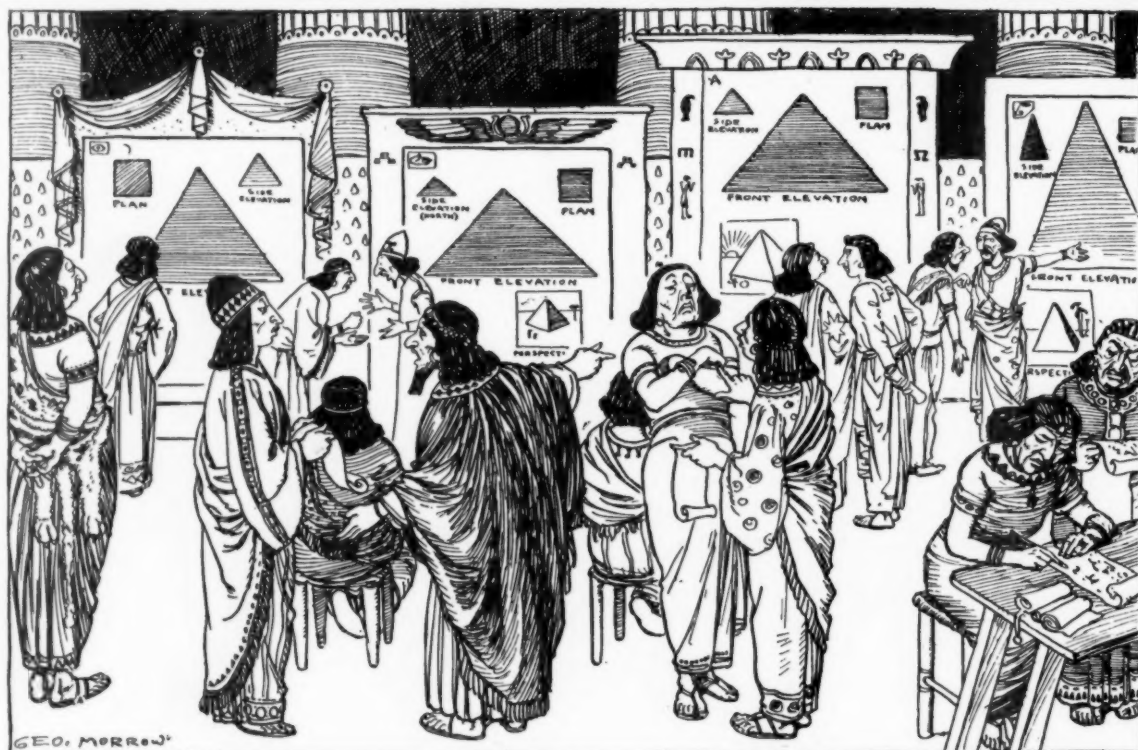
PHILAUGUSTINE.

Amersham, Bucks.

## MR. LLOYD-GEORGE AS ATHLETE.

SIR,—It was my privilege some thirty years ago to be a class-mate of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at Llanystymdwy School. He was then, as now, slim and spare of figure, and wore sage green pantaloons with sand-shoes.

Few persons would believe that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE was, as a boy, a dashing three-quarter back. I shall never forget a wonderful run that he once made, turning and twisting like a humanised eel as he dodged all his opponents—some of them men of colossal stature—and finally landed the ball behind the goal-posts. A whole holiday is still granted to the school on the anniversary of this marvellous exploit, which has been the subject of countless pennillions.



COMPETITION FOR THE DESIGN OF THE GREAT PYRAMID. THE JUDGES DISCUSSING THE RELATIVE MERITS OF THE COMPETITORS' WORK.

I have never seen him in Parliament, but his attitude in class when answering a question was extraordinarily impressive. With hand uplifted and head erect, and eyes turned back as if delving into the inmost depths of his subliminal self, he would chant his answer in a rich fruity tremolo that hypnotized the master, and invariably secured for him the maximum marks. I can still repeat some of his impromptu poems, which elicited from the headmaster the witty remark that, if he had lived in the reign of AUGUSTUS, he and not VIRGIL would have written the *Georgics*.

(Rev.) TONY PANDY.

Criccieth, N. Wales.

#### A NEUTRAL-TINTED TYPE.

SIR,—I have only a vague recollection of the present FOREIGN MINISTER at his and my private school, and, like many of his school contemporaries, often wonder that he should ever have risen to eminence. Unobtrusive in dress and manners, he never said or did anything furnishing materials for good "copy." He was actually fonder of fishing than cricket, and, in general, entirely failed to model his life on the great principles enunciated by Mr. PETER KEARY in his splendid manuals of efficiency. These reminiscences will, I think, explain why it is that the FOREIGN SECRETARY cuts

such a meagre and unimpressive figure in the personal columns of our enlightened democratic press.

Balham.

AIREY EELES.

#### WALKS IN LIFE.

THE Roller-skate Walk, introduced by Mrs. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH and Miss ETHEL ROOSEVELT (says the Washington correspondent of *The Evening Standard*), promises to outshine the Gibson Walk in popularity. It is a cross between the military tread of the chorus girl in comic opera and the glide of the premier toe dancer. The ball of the foot is planted first, the legs are kept straight, the body erect on the hips, and as far as possible the walker glides.

This looks a little complicated, but is nothing to some other modes of progression we have lately heard of. For instance, the Bangor Flit is a compromise between a motor-car spill and "shooting the moon." After giving one wild look, the slither glissades as fast as possible to the nearest railway station, and, before knowing where or who she is, is found, say, at Oban.

The Aldershot Scoot is a combination of "ducks and drakes" and an earthquake. For the first half-second it is all plane sailing, and then something gives way and you come violently to

mother earth. After a month of repairs, you begin again and repeat the evolution, covering quite a lot of ground—with *débris*. It amuses foreigners.

The Banana Slide tempers the delights of the *trottoir roulant* with the abruptness of a bomb explosion. It can be practised anywhere where there is a pavement and a crowd of appreciative small boys, and is largely affected by elderly foot passengers.

The Ski-who-must-be-obeyed Shuffle unites the gait of a dancing bear with the struggles of an inverted cockroach, when the effort to compass a Telemark Turn lands the performer in a snow-drift.

The motto which appears at the head of the menu at a Folkestone hotel is *Semper Idem*. This is translated by the guests as "Mutton Again."

#### Charity to Man and Beast.

The successor to the late Raja GOKULDAS has, according to *The Pioneer Mail*, announced that he has "remitted the debts of his tenants to the extents of one lakhs of rupees," and "presented a set of *Encyclopædia Britannica* to the library of the station of a village for feeding stray cows and other cattle in that station."

## THE WHOLE ART OF SHOOTING:

BEING SOME OBSERVATIONS OF A  
DEAD SHOT.

["*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"]

OPINIONS differ as to the principal reason which should determine every young Briton to become a good shot. Some will tell him that he may at any time be called upon to defend his hearth (unless he uses gas-stoves) from the foreign invader.

Others will tell him of the glories of Sport for Sport's Sake. And here his aunts will remind him of the miseries of Pneumonia for Wet Feet's Sake.

Yet others will tell him of the delight of sending a friend a brace of peewits, tapirs or wombats.

Still others, who have shot themselves sick in their downy days, will tell him that the costume alone justifies the thing.

After some study of the various allurements, one can but think that there is something in the dictum of this last class—something almost true in what they say.

The kit's the thing. Although a considerable amount of shooting may be done in the Home Counties, beginning in quite mild seasons of the year, don't let this fact weigh for anything when you are getting your outfit. Get something heavy enough for the rigours of the Arctic Circle.

A shooting-coat is called so because it is a thing you wear for potting, or bedding-out, or an odd day's window-glazing (just as riding-breeches get their name from being used for promenades on the Marine Parade).

It should be built of Harris, Donegal or Hampstead tweed, lined with walrus-hide, faced with corrugated-iron, and trimmed with virgin cork. Refuse all substitutes for the last material; it floats.

According to your tailor, the shooting-coat, "what is a shooting-coat," must have plenty of pockets. A fair allowance is fourteen, though Mr. F. C. SELOUS, one of the biggest big-game men, specifies fifteen in his books. The idea of having so many pockets would appear to be as follows: One can put all the impedimenta of every-day use—nail-nippers, pipe, pouch, cigarette-case, match-box, keys, office dittoes, time-table, card-case, pencil, fountain pen, eraser, note-book, to mention those that occur most readily to mind—into the pockets of one's shooting-coat. Put each in one pocket. Have a place for every individual thing, and keep everything in its place. Then, just as a bird, beast or fish comes down wind, or up wind, or in any direction relative to the wind, affording one a shot, one can say,



## "MURDER WILL OUT."

Host (to son of a new neighbour). "GOOD HEAVENS, BOY! DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO SHOOT A FOX?"

Boy. "OH—ER—I DIDN'T KNOW. WE ALWAYS DO AT HOME."

"Tut tut! I believe I've left my keys behind!" fumble in one's pockets, and so manage to let the bird, beast or fish get well out of range.

By executing this manœuvre you achieve many most desirable ends. You save a cartridge—two, if the bird, beast or fish is travelling slowly—give yourself the satisfaction of *knowing* you'd have potted it if you'd fired, and prevent your fellow-guns airing their pretty wit at the expense of your elevation, or trajectory, or parabola, or something. Now it is to be hoped the student sees the reason for such a multiplicity of pockets.

Each pocket should have a box-pleat running vertically down the centre, and at least one leather button on its flap. These buttons should be nearly spherical,

of at least an inch in diameter, and weigh about two ounces each. The back of the coat should have expanding pleats, a cowl, aneroid barometer and Cape-cart hood.

Some sportsmen favour tails—others prefer a peaky semi-Directoire cutaway. This is a matter of taste.

The sleeves, at the shoulder, should be leg-o'-mutton, *ruché*, and cut on the bias. Detachable non-skid epaulettes may or may not be worn. At the wrist both sleeves should have bear-skin cuffs, the hair about four inches long. This prevents wounded birds falling down the sleeve and gives the coat a natty appearance.

Now for the nether garment. Breeches are most in vogue now, with a sliding seat (whose use will be found when one



has hurriedly to vacate a lofty elm's topmost fork, in rabbit shooting). They should be constructed of gopher corduroy, pitched within and without, and should have an easily-identified symbol neatly crevel-stitched in red silk, so that one can tell which is the front. Most handy, this, when dressing for king-fisher shooting, which necessitates early rising on dark mornings. It is usual to cut shooting-pants with two legs. The man who, when ordering trousers for shooting, fails to specify a double allowance of brace buttons fore and aft, is guilty of contributory negligence.

The best footwear for shooting is a pair of brown brogue shoes, with red enamelled tongues, and spur blocks. Some prefer pumps, I know, but I stick to my guns in this matter, and plump for brogues. Socks of the piston-ring or *aurora borealis* pattern are *de rigueur* just now; they should match, be worn à l'insouciance, and be free from open-work as to the heels.

Gaiters you must have. The hedge-sparrow, though able to relish a joke with the best of birds, has a rooted aversion to bare knees, and, as even Blossie and Crackwell seldom turn out a pair of gunning-shorts that come below the patella, the man who goes afield with exposed knees takes his puncturable epidermis in his hands, so to speak. The gaiters must be of wart-hog hide, tanned with Squarson's vinegar and coal tar. This gives them that rich, fruity appearance so pleasing to the refined palate.

The vest is a matter of opinion. If you wear shirts and things, there is really no need to employ a waistcoat, except your natural desire to avoid being mistaken for a tar from *H.M.S. Buzzard*.

Your tie should be very fierce. You may drop across a tiger at any time, and although the human eye is well known to exercise a wonderful influence over the giant cat of the Midlands a gunner with even two eyes is not so well prepared for an encounter as he who wears a decided Paisley tie. Such at least is my reading of the evidence.

Now for the sportsman's head. You may wear a polo cap, a pith helmet with a Trinity (Dublin) band, or a Gibus. If your purse is to be considered, you can get some very maidenly effects in green felt Tyrolean chapeaux. Personally, I always affect a tweed roundabout. As this is your shooting hat, let yourself go a bit, and decorate it with three or four shillings'-worth of fishing tackle. Half-a-dozen trout casts, a paternoster or two, a Texas Devil spoon-bait and a landing net (not necessarily on the handle) are the least you can sport. Remember that the hat proclaims the sportsman. The uneasiness aphoristically associated with

the head that wears a crown is nothing to the *tristesse* of a man at a big shoot who wears a simple sun-bonnet, just like one of H. V. Esmond's heroines.

Now comes the matter of a gun. If you are going to shoot only now and then, over week-ends (and some of my happiest Sundays have been spent among the roots down Harpenden way, bowling over caterpillars), make shift with a pair of hammerless ejectors. But if you are going to follow the calendar, and shoot from partridges to parrakeets, right round the year, you cannot do better than get a Daisy air-rifle from Jamage's, alongside the blind news-vendor's cabin, in Holborn. You may take it as being true that a really good gun cannot be got for a smaller sum than three half-crowns, unless you hang round auction-rooms and get a Manxman to bid for you, when you see something good in the catalogue. The gun is everything—even more. A guest who turns up at a country-house with a bow and arrows, catapult, or even a "footpad's terror" Derringer, is not reckoned very smart in these days.

In selecting a game-bag, get one of those Canadian-Indian articles from Dossenheimer's, in Shoe Lane. They may be distinguished at sight by the fringe, which is of wigwam or wampum. I have a sneaking preference for the latter. This game-bag should not be too large. If it will accommodate a couple of ten-pointers (as the sportsman designates the larger-built chaffinches) it will probably serve your purpose.

Now for ammunition. If you take the trouble to run down to Whale Island you can often pick up some old Service stuff cheaply. It is simply a matter of squaring the Admiralty office-boy. But be sure you know the bore and stroke of your weapon. Those most commonly in use are 90 m/m by 120 m/m, with mechanically-operated inlet valves and ample water-jackets. If you turn up at a shoot with a .22 Belgian clavicle-smasher and two hundred rounds of 4.7 blank, ten to one the other fellows will think you are a green hand. Speaking of colours, Sir HIRAM MAXIM has laid down the law that the colouration of cartridge-cases has little bearing upon the effectiveness of their contents. I always use pink; but VIRCHOW has argued with some force that they should really chime in nicely with one's socks or tie.

I find that the limitations of space will not allow me to say anything about the use of the gun, but that is, after all, a trivial matter; it's the costume and the implements that really count.

#### Regrettable Tragedy in Denmark.

"HAMLET ENCLOUPED BY MED."—*Daily Mail* Headline.

#### GREAT ARTIST'S EARLY DAYS.

##### PATHETIC LECTURE.

THE last of the deeply interesting series of lectures on "The Altruism of Art" was delivered by Professor the Right Hon. and Reverend Sir Halbert Fireconer at Olympia on Friday night.

The Professor, who wore the uniform of the Blue Bavarian Cuirassiers, of which he is honorary bandmaster, devoted his address to a recital of his early struggles and the conquest of difficulties which might have daunted a less intrepid and versatile artistic descendant of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

His first studio, said Sir Halbert, was the disused stable of a giraffe, being some 12 feet square and 24 feet high. Yet it was in this circumscribed area that he set to work on his famous picture, *The Last of the Great Eastern*. For that canvas it was necessary for him to fix a seat halfway up one wall and strap himself into it while he painted sideways. But one day, in order to work at the bows of the vessel, he had to fix his seat 20 feet from the ground, and, one of the straps breaking, he was precipitated head-first into a barrel of burnt umber, from which he was extricated with great difficulty by a passing policeman, who heard his shouts and rushed in to his assistance.

A strange feeling of drowsiness came over him, premonitory of a total eclipse of his powers. But the picture had at all hazards to be finished for that year's Academy—the only question was how? To stave off the feeling of lassitude, he drank strong coffee every five minutes for three weeks, while to build up his strength he purchased an electric battery, a keg of cod-liver oil, and fifteen peach-fed Californian hams. So the great work was done, and a gleam of sunshine irradiated his gloom when an unknown patron purchased the picture for £5,000 before it was sent into the Academy, where it was the cynosure of every eye. Within a week of the opening of the Academy he had received letters of congratulation from two crowned heads, three archbishops, seventeen belted earls, and the late Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI.

At a later stage in his career, when he had painted 300 portraits of M.F.H.'s in 300 days, an unsympathetic critic declared that "Fireconer could paint men, but he could not paint animals." Incensed by the injustice of this remark, he retorted by painting his famous and colossal canvas of *The Animals entering the Ark*, which completely paralysed his detractors. Although it was now more than fifteen years since that picture was painted, it still held the field as



the largest and most exhaustive representation of the great Noachian enterprise, and to this day he still received commissions from menagerie proprietors in both hemispheres on the strength of it.

At a still later stage another critic declared that Firconer could never do anything on a canvas less than 20 feet square—referring, doubtless, to a series of colossal groups which had excited the envy of incompetent contemporaries, and caused several overrated old masters to turn somersaults in their family vaults. Here again his answer proved that the brush is mightier than the tongue. In the space of six weeks he painted on a canvas exactly the size of a threepenny bit a picture containing portraits of every single member of the House of Lords. The exertion was tremendous, but he kept himself going by using a Samson Chest Developer which increased his girth by 17 inches, and when the picture was exhibited he was at once elected an honorary member of the Microscopical Society and Historiographer Royal to the Mint. Subsequently he received so many Orders that it became necessary for him to assume the title of Reverend, which harmonized at once with his appearance and the spiritual character of his work.

The Right Honourable Professor then gave a vivid account of his experiences as honorary conductor of the band of the Blue Bavarian Cuirassiers, illustrating his narrative with solos on the double-bass, the piccolo, the tenor trombone and the slide trumpet. He finally gave a daring exhibition of his skill on the trapèze, danced a pavane, accompanying himself on the castanets, and brought down the house by singing Wotan's *Abschied* in costume, with a beard of prehistoric bushiness and volume.

## BELLES LETTRES TAKEN FROM LIFE.

### I.

EXTRACT from the correspondence of an Indian native who is anxious for his son to join a motor-car class:—

SIR,—Most respectfully I beg to say that I had been brought up in respectable family who was very loyal and faithful to the Government. . . . I have a robust vernacular educated consisted with little English language. He is eighteen years old. He is so obidant, thoughtful and upright in discharging his duties that he has always been found Pretty light on his perch. Having sufficient mental and corporeal faculties, he is cordially desired to be admitted in it (the motor-car class). I should highly be obliged if you would kindly



## AN ECHO OF MODERN JOURNALISM.

"I DO MISS MRS. JONES. SHE TOLD ME ALL THE NEWS OF THE PARISH."

"OH, THAT WAS ONLY GOSSIP—NO TRUTH IN IT."

"WELL, THERE, I LIKED TO 'EAR IT. TRUTH OR LIES, 'T WAS ALL NEWS TO ME."

order him to be admitted in it. Expecting for your favourable reply,

I have the honour, &c.

### II.

Extract from letter to clergyman asking advice about Old Age Pensions:—

SIR,—I am very sorry I made such a mistake in my first letter, forgetting my maiden name, which was ——. I was born 1837 or 38. I was very much worried at the time.

According to a writer in *The Sphere* "the road-hog is rapidly becoming a *rara avis*." This settles once and for all the question whether pigs have wings.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—If you are not quite sick of the subject may I make one final suggestion with regard to the Welsh Motor Case? Having just read the dead lady's latest account of the accident, I wish to propose that the tablet "To the Memory of Miss VIOLET CHARLES-WORTH," presumably already ordered, should be proceeded with.

"Mrs. Florence Smithson sang tiny ballads when only a dot of three, and has been on and off the stage practically ever since."—*Southport Society Notes*.

It was a very cautious editor who put in "practically."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN, on almost the first page of *Lady Letty Brandon* (LONG), we are told by "ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH" that her heroine possesses an illegitimate elder sister, *Janet*, who is her exact double, nine novel readers out of ten will suspect that they are embarking upon a tale of mistaken identity. It is a suspicion, however, which far underestimates the truth. *Lady Letty Brandon*, finding herself temporarily freed by the departure for Africa of her elderly and unlovable husband, herself goes to Italy, where, in the name of a friend, *Miss Blundell* (assumed for no very clear reason), she marries *Maurice Brooke*. So far so bad; but shortly after the birth of a son to the pair in Florence the success of her scheme is threatened by the arrival in that city of husband No. 1. With really admirable tact she decides to carry off the situation by pretending that *Brooke* has actually married *Janet*. It is a little difficult at first, and unfortunately confusion, bad enough in Italy, becomes worse confounded when all parties return home; *Sir Wentworth* and *Lady Letty* to Windover Court, and *Maurice Brooke* and his wife (who is really *Lady Letty* too) to a cottage on the estate. After this one's mind breathlessly refuses to follow the heroine in her Protean adventures. It is hard to believe that a writer of the reputation of Mrs. LEE-HAMILTON can have intended us to take seriously the troubles of a lady who has to keep "running round" like the soldiers in a stage procession; and when the heroine, after presiding as hostess of Windover at a dinner to which *Maurice Brooke* is bidden as a stranger to herself, dashes across the park in time to receive him at the cottage on his return, and hear his comments upon her supposed double, I myself laid the book wistfully aside.



Johnny. "RUMMY-LOOKIN' FELLAS THEY MUST HAVE BEEN IN THOSE DAYS—WHAT?"

Whenever Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON

Puts forth a novel it's a snip  
(A phrase from racing) that the plot's an  
Artistic piece of workmanship;  
Thus, though *The Flower of the Heart* is  
Based on a thickly peopled patch  
(Another word for plot), all parties  
Come ultimately up to scratch.

By that I mean, to put it clearly,  
That every one who shows his face,  
However distantly or nearly,  
Is absolutely worth his place.  
Swell, parsons, sharps, or law-abiders,  
There isn't one of all the crew,  
Though some are pretty rank outsiders,  
Whom I would run my pencil through.

The story (METHUEN) treats of wooings  
Clandestine, coupled with a strange  
(To me) entanglement of doings  
In Bucket-shop and Stock Exchange.

The author's tackling of finance is  
For him new ground, but I shan't miss  
His old adventurous romances  
If all his new come up to this.

It is not an easy thing nowadays to think out a new villain, but I believe Mr. PERCY WHITE has done it. In *The Rescuer* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), *Athelstan*, a young man with dark hair and penetrating eyes, is making the most of the fact that the late *Edgar Maitland*, whom he assisted in scientific research, believed himself to have discovered the existence of visible, or at any rate photographable, brain waves. *Maitland* dies before the discovery is ripe for publication, and on his death-bed he entrusts his widow and *Athelstan* with the duty of seeing it through. *Athelstan*, having originated the thing in the first place by deluding *Maitland* with a faked photograph, keeps up the success in the near future. Meanwhile he does himself very well, aiming at the widow's fortune through her daughter's hand, or, failing that, her own. Matters are thus when the rescuer turns up. He is an old friend of *Maitland*, a soldier, and pretty shrewd, and the way in which he gradually fetches up against *Athelstan's* stronghold makes for pleasurable excitement. Knitted with this conflict there is a good deal about N rays and similar deep stuff, which is presented so skilfully that I felt I must unconsciously have been master of the subject all the time.

The eight stories which Mr. B. L. PUTNAM WEALE has collected under the title of the first, *The Forbidden Boundary* (MACMILLAN), show him to be far abler at fiction than many authors who have made their reputation, as he has, by studies of fact. That Mr. WEALE knows the Far East inside out every page of his book testifies; but one can make the same criticism of his romance that

could be made, and I don't doubt has been made, of his treatises. Knowing his ground, he can point to its dangers, but he is not quite so happy at defining remedies. So in the longest of his stories, *The Adventurous Frenchman*, he suggests in a very racy fashion the perils of a contrabandist during the Russo-Japanese war; but he either skates over the details of their surmounting, or else finds a rather too easy way out. But the interest of his book is, for me at least, quite independent of its adventures. Mr. WEALE conjures up the country with rare skill, and peoples it, apart from certain diabolically omnipotent Celestials, with real living beings.

## Who's "Who"?

"In the Norse myth Thor, benevolent among the gods and lover of fruitful lands, warred greatly against the giants and drove them to the North, who, in their evil nature, troubled the Earth with ice."

Westminster Gazette.

"Good," muttered Armand Roche to himself, hiding a smile beneath the false black beard which he always carried in his portmanteau in case of an emergency.—"*Daily Mail Feuilleton*" (recently concluded). This, of course, is a much cleverer trick than the ordinary one where you keep outside the portmanteau.